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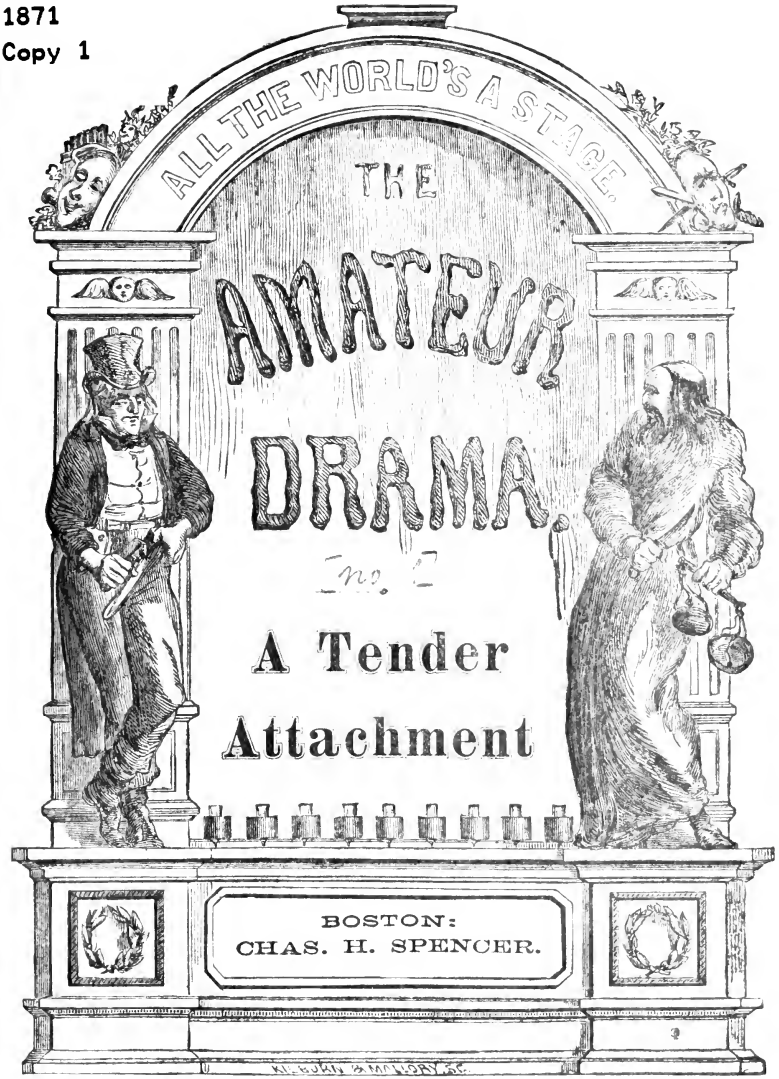

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A TENDER ATTACHMENT.

A FARCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," "Sylvia's Soldier," "Once on a Time," "Down by the Sea," "Bread on the Waters," "The Last Loaf," "Stand by the Flag," "The Tempter," "A Drop too Much," "We're All Teetotallers," "A Little More Cider," "Wanted, a Male Cook," "A Sea of Troubles," "Freedom of the Press," "A Close Shave," "The Great Elixir," "The Man with the Demijohn," "New Brooms Sweep Clean," "Humors of the Strike," "My Uncle, the Captain," "The Greatest Plague in Life," "No Cure, No Pay," "The Grecian Bend," "The War of the Roses," "Lightheart's Pilgrimage," "The Sculptor's Triumph," "Too Late for the Train," "Snow-Bound," "The Peddler of Very Nice," "Bonbons," Capuletta," "An Original Idea," &c., &c., &c.

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A TENDER ATTACHMENT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CLAPBOARD, Proprietor of "Bachelors' Paradise."
EBENEZER CROTCHET, a retired manufacturer.
HORACE CROTCHET, his son.
PETER PICKET, a soldier.
OBED OAKUM, a sailor.
TIMOTHY TINPAN, a tinker.
LOUIS LOOPSTITCH, a tailor.

COSTUMES.

CLAPBOARD, gray wig, brown coat, dark pants.

EBENEZER, gray wig, blue coat with brass buttons, dark pants, hat, and cane.

HORACE, modern suit, neat and tasty.

PETER, United States army overcoat, fatigue cap, red wig, red side whiskers.

OBED, light Yankee wig, pea-jacket, tarpaulin hat, wide sailor trousers, blue shirt.

TIMOTHY, black crop wig, smutty face, overalls, and woollen jacket.

LOUIS, tight black pants, with short legs, slippers, white stockings, black coat, with short arms, buttoned to the throat, black cravat, without collar.

SCENE. — *Apartment in* MR. CLAPBOARD'S *home. Lounge* C., *back. Black velvet breakfast-jacket and smoking-cap lying across the corner. Small table,* R. *Chairs,* R. *and* L. *Entrances,* R. *and* L.

Enter MR. CLAPBOARD, R., *followed by* EBENEZER CROTCHET.

Clapboard. This is the room, sir.

Ebenezer. O, it is! This is the mysterious abode of my runaway son. Well, I don't see anything very inviting here; a few miserable chairs, a rickety lounge, a mean little table —

Clap. Come, come, sir; don't abuse my furniture.

Eben. O, pooh, pooh! What business have you harboring a runaway scamp who ought to be at home, you old, gray-headed ruffian?

Clap. Come, come, sir; once for all, I won't be abused in my own house. If your son chooses to hire a room in my house, to pay handsomely for the same, and to behave himself in a gentlemanly manner, here he stops just as long as he pays, you old heathen.

Eben. Old heathen! Confound you, do you know who you are talking to, Mr. Claptrap?

Clap. Clapboard, sir; Clapboard is my name.

Eben. Do you know who you are talking to?

Clap. I've a pretty good idea. Some fiery old lunatic just escaped from Bedlam.

Eben. Fire and fury! I'll break this cane over your head, insolent!

Clap. Do; and then I'll throw you and the pieces down those stairs, catamount!

Eben. (*Aside.*) O, this won't do. (*Aloud.*) I beg your pardon, Mr. Claptrap.

Clap. Clapboard, sir.

Eben. Mr. Clapboard, I was a little hasty. You must attribute it to the anxiety of a devoted parent. I have a son.

Clap. So I understand.

Eben. A week ago he left the parental mansion, for the purpose, as he said, of recruiting himself at a quiet place in the country. All very well, of course. I could bring nothing to say against that; but yesterday I received an anonymous note, mailed at this place, bidding me look out for my son, who, the note said, had formed a tender attachment. Do you hear? — a tender attachment!

Clap. Well, what of it?

Eben. What of it? Hear the man! Sir! Mr. Claptrap!

Clap. Clapboard, sir.

Eben. Mr. Clapboard. Ten years ago I retired from the soap and candle business with a fortune. This boy is my only son; young, impulsive, thoughtless, he has come to the country; his susceptible heart is a target, at which a thousand loving glances will be thrown by the eyes of rural beauties —

Clap. Humbug! There isn't a female within three miles of the place. This is called "Bachelors' Paradise." There's Jobson's house, Seymour's, and mine; specially erected for the convenience of artists, fishermen, and such like gentry, who want a quiet place in the country.

Eben. Is it possible! Then my son's tender attachment —

Clap. It's some trick played to frighten you.

Eben. Perhaps it is, but I have my doubts. Who lodges in this house besides my son?

Clap. Well, sir, on the floor below, there's Mr. Timothy Tinpan, a nice, gentlemanly — tinker.

Eben. A tinker? — (*Aside.*) Bachelors' Paradise! (*Aloud.*) Gentlemanly humbug! Who else?

Clap. The next floor above is occupied by Mr. Peter Picket, a military gentleman, who served his country in the great rebellion.

Eben. A soldier! (*Noise outside.*) What's that?

Clap. That's him. He's always going through his tactics. He dropped his gun.

Eben. Did he! Then Mr. Peter Picket had better *pick it* up. Well, who else?

Clap. Next above him is Mr. Oakum, a well-mannered mariner, engaged in the lumber trade.

Eben. Is that all?

Clap. No, sir; the floor above him, next the roof, is occupied by Mr. Loopstitch, a tailor, a native of France.

Eben. Soldier, sailor, tinker, and tailor! Here's nice company for my boy.

Clap. O, they're a nice, gentlemanly set, I assure you; very quiet. Mr. Picket is apt to be a little restless nights; walks in his sleep; and sometimes wanders about the house with a loaded musket. Mr. Oakum is of rather a musical turn, and has his "bark upon the sea" a little too often. Mr. Tinpan is very fond of rehearsing his war-cry, "Old kettles to mend;" and Mr. Loopstitch is making frantic efforts to master the trombone. But generally they are quiet, gentlemanly, respectable individuals.

Eben. I should say so. And my son abandons his luxurious home, his highly respectable connections, for such society as this?

Clap. Lord bless you, young gentlemen have their little freaks, you know.

Eben. And so have old gentlemen too. I have a very sudden one myself. For how long has my son engaged this room?

Clap. Let me see; he has paid me for it up to six o'clock to-night.

Eben. And after that I suppose it will be to let.

Clap. Of course. Though probably he'll keep it himself.

Eben. Hark you, Mr. Claptrap.

Clap. Clapboard, sir.

Eben. Mr. Clapboard, I want to hire this room myself. What does my son pay you?

Clap. Six dollars a week. Cheap enough.

Eben. All right. I'll engage it for a week myself, for which I will pay you twelve.

Clap. But, sir, he has the first choice.

Eben. No, he hasn't; he's not of age. I am his guardian, and I want it myself; so here's your money. At six o'clock I shall come and take possession.

Clap. But, Mr. Crotchet —

Eben. No more words are necessary. You keep a house for the entertainment of gentlemen who wish a quiet place in the country. You certainly cannot refuse so handsome an offer as I have made you.

Clap. But your son —

Eben. Has comfortable quarters at home, where he belongs. You can inform him of my appearance here, and of the bargain I have made. Tell him to go home and amuse himself; that I shall positively take up my quarters here at six o'clock. (*Aside.*) There's something wrong here; "a tender attachment," I'll be bound;

and I'm determined to find it out. (*Aloud.*) Good day, Mr. Claptrap. [*Exit*, R.

Clap. Clapboard, sir — Now here's a nice mess! What will Mr. Horace say to this, after he has got everything comfortably arranged for his purpose, to be flustered in this manner. It's too bad!

Enter HORACE, R.

Horace. I say, Clapboard, why don't you light up your stairs? I nearly tumbled over an old chap just now, who was going down.

Clap. Old chap, indeed! Do you know who it was?

Hor. Haven't the least idea.

Clap. Well, sir, it was your father.

Hor. My father? Whew! Then the old gentleman has found me out!

Clap. He certainly has; but he's laboring under a terrible mistake. Some one has sent him an anonymous note, bidding him look after you, for you had formed a tender attachment.

Hor. A tender attachment? That's some mischief of the fellows at Jobson's. Well, what does he propose to do?

Clap. He's engaged this room.

Hor. Engaged this room? Why, Clapboard, it's mine — isn't it?

Clap. Until six o'clock. If you'll remember, that was the time for which you took it.

Hor. But I want it a week longer.

Clap. You're too late. He's engaged it, and paid for it; and will be here at six o'clock to take possession.

Hor. Clapboard, you've played me a shabby trick!

Clap. I couldn't help it, sir; he thrust the money into my hands; said he was your legal guardian, and told me to send you home.

Hor. I'll not go until my work is finished. Well, Clapboard, let him come; his stay shall be short.

Clap. What will you do?

Hor. That's a question for consideration. Six months ago my father and myself differed with regard to my choice of a profession. He wished me to be a lawyer. I determined to be a painter. He was immovable in his choice. I was stubborn and sullen in mine. By mutual consent we dropped the discussion, agreeing not to renew it for a year. I was at once filled with the desire to produce something that would induce him to agree with me, believing that if I could show that I had talent, he would let me have my way. I immediately threw myself into the society of artists, and by that means gained an inkling of the rudiments of the profession, and I found I had some talent. But how to convince my father? I hit upon the idea of attempting a painting; something remarkable — a great allegorical national picture, "The Crowning of Liberty," a magnificent idea! To carry it out, I required a studio and living models. I read your advertisement of "Bachelors' Paradise;" came down, engaged a room, fitted it up, and looked around for models. But, alas! it was indeed a "bachelors' paradise!" Not a female figure within three miles! Of course I was obliged to put up with the stock on hand; and with a soldier, a sailor, a tinker, and a tailor, as the only models to be obtained, I have been obliged to draw

upon fancy to an alarming extent; and now it seems I am to be deprived of them by my meddling, inquisitive, good old daddy.

Clap. It's too bad, Mr. Horace. I wish I could help you out of the scrape.

Hor. I wish you could. But as you can't, suppose you go and hunt up my models, and let me get to work.

Clap. Certainly, sir; I'll send them in at once.

[*Exit*, R.

(HORACE *takes off his coat and puts on breakfast jacket and smoking-cap, then goes off*, L., *and returns with an easel, which he sets up*, L., *then goes off*, L., *and brings in canvas, brushes, and palette; arranges the canvas on easel to face* L., *places chair* L.

Clap. (*Outside*, R., *while* HORACE *is arranging his picture.*) Hallo, down there, Tinpan!

Timothy. (*Outside, as if down stairs.*) Faith, now, what's wanting, sure?

Clap. You're wanted here.

Tim. All right. Be aisy, honey, till I mind the nose uv this tay-kittle.

Clap. Hallo, Picket!

Picket. (*As if up stairs.*) Yaw, mine fren.

Clap. You're wanted in the studio.

Pic. Yaw, dat ish goot. I'll come right avay pefore soon.

Clap. Hallo, Oakum!

Oakum. (*Up stairs.*) Hallo, yerself!

Clap. Come down for a pose.

Oak. Ay, ay, Clapboard; in a jiffy.

Clap. Hallo, Loopstitch!

Loopstitch. (*In the distance.*) Oui, oui, monsieur.

Clap. You're wanted for a posish.

Loop. Vat you mean by dat, eh? Vot you call posish? I no comprehend.

Clap. Well, come and find out.

Hor. The models are aroused. Now for a season of inspiration!

Enter PICKET, R., *with a musket.*

Pic. Ah, Meester Horace, how you vas? Berty mooch?

Hor. Ah, Picket, you're right on hand.

Pic. Yaw, yaw; I ish coomed right along, by donder, mit mine gun upon mine pack.

Hor. Like a true hero, and with the martial spirit inspiring your bosom — hey?

Pic. Yaw, I shpose vat you mean, but I don't know.

Enter OAKUM, R.

Oak. Hallo! Heow are yeou anyheow? Goin' at the picter ag'in?

Hor. Yes; I believe I can make my brush fly this afternoon.

Oak. Wal, yeou painter chaps dew beat all creation; that's a fact. I s'pose yeou know what yeou're abaout; but darn me if I can see into it. What's the use er wastin' yer time a flingin' away paint on that air diminutive quiltin'-frame. Would do more good ef yeou'd give old Clapboard's house a coat; it wants it bad enough!

Enter LOOPSTITCH, R.

Loop. Sacre! vat for you want — hey? I have break off mine thread right in de meedle of ze pantaloons.

Hor. You remember our bargain. You were to be at my service when wanted.

Loop. Service? Sacre, zis is too much all ze time. Monsieur Fusee have no pantaloons; he make ze trouble, ze fuss; he raise vat you call ze storm, if he no have ze pantaloons.

Oak. Well, let him sweat, Frenchy. I'll lend him a pair.

Enter TIMOTHY, R.

Tim. Arrah, b'ys, how are yees, onyhow? It's the tip uv the morning till yees, Misther Horace.

Oak. Hallo, Tim! How's trade?

Tim. Thrade, is it? Bad luck to its! There's none at all at all. It's loike the nose of Paddy Flinn's pig — it's away down in the mud.

Oak. Well, here's hoping that, like Paddy Flinn's pig, it may pick up a bit.

Tim. That's thrue for ye, Misther Oakum.

Hor. Now, then, let's to work. Tinpan, you and Loopstitch don your habiliments, and we'll go to work.

Tim. Don — which is it?

Loop. Sacre! I no comprehend.

Oak. Darn it, Tim, jump into the Goddess of Liberty's clos; and, Loopstitch, put on that air gown of Victory's.

Tim. Begorra! that's a sinsible way of putting things.

[*Exit*, L.

Loop. Victory! Oui, oui; I comprehend victory.

[*Exit*, L.

Oak. Sich a set of darned stupid furriners I never did see.

Pic. Yaw; dey ish very hard of hearing, by donder!

Oak. Well, Picket, you managed to give us a pretty good scare last night, walking round with that old blunderbuss! Ef yeou ain't keerful, yeou'll let fly at some on us, and then there'll be a purty case of manslaughter.

Pic. Yaw; manslaughter ish goot. I like him mooch ven I fights mit Sigel. By donder! I tink of dat ebery night in mine shleep, and I no shleep at all.

Oak. Well, consarn yeour picter! deon't yeou come up my way; if yer du, I'll souse yer head in a bucket of tar!

Pic. Yaw; I no like dat purty well.

Enter TIMOTHY, L., *dressed as the Goddess of Liberty; red skirt, mail waist, blue drapery about shoulders.*

Tim. Begorra! how's that for a famale woman? What would Judy O'Flanagan say to that? Tim Tinpan in a red petticoat? Whoo! kittles to mind, kittles to mind!

Enter LOOPSTITCH, *in a long white gown, with a green wreath in his hand.*

Loop. Sacre! I feel all over like vat you call ze goost.

Oak. And darn me if you don't look like one!

Loop. Vat you mean by dat — hey, Monsieur Oakum?

Hor. Come, now take your places.

Tim. All right; away wid yees. (*Takes position in centre of stage; left hand against his breast, right hand pointing up.*)

Hor. That's right; now Victory. (LOOPSTITCH *gets upon a stool behind* TIMOTHY, *and holds wreath over his head.*) Very well. Now, then, for the army and navy. (PICKET *stands* R. *of* TIMOTHY, *leaning upon his musket;* OAKUM *stands* L., *his arms folded.*) Good, good! Positions are all right. Now, then, for the expressions.

Tim. Hould on a minute; there's something crawling up my back.

Hor. Never mind, never mind!

Tim. But I do mind. It's biting me, the ugly thief! Here, Frenchy, give me a dig in the back.

Loop. Sacre! vare vill I find vat you call de spade?

Oak. Here; I'll fix you. (*Gives* TIMOTHY *a thump on the back.*)

Tim. Murder and Irish! you've broke my ribs!

Hor. Come, come, Tim; put a smiling expression upon your face.

Tim. Smile, is it, with a hornet crawling up my back!

Hor. We're wasting time. Smile, I tell you.

Tim. Well, then, here goes. (*A horrible smile.*)

Hor. Now, Loopstitch, triumph in *your* face.

Loop. Oui, oui. Vive la triomphe!

Hor. That's very good. Now, Picket, let a martial spirit glow in your face.

Pic. Yaw, yaw. (*Starts,* R.)

Hor. Where are you going?

Pic. For mine lager, mit de spirit up stairs.

Hor. No, no; you don't understand me. Look as you looked when you met the rebels, fierce for the fight.

Pic. Ven I fight mit Sigel?

Hor. Yes; as you did then, do now.

Pic. Yaw; den I'll go right up stairs.

Hor. What do you mean?

Pic. Ven I fight mit Sigel, ven de repels coom, ve runned away.

Oak. What a darned sneaking coward!

Tim. Easy, now, Mr. Horace; my hand's getting tired.

Hor. Let me see what I can do. (*Goes to easel, and takes brush.*) Now, steady, all.

Tim. Och, murder! the crayture's crawling up my back again!

Pic. I am ash dry ash never vas.

Hor. Steady, steady!

Tim. Ow, my back! Give me a dig, Frenchy.

Oak. Confound you, I will! (*Hits* TIMOTHY *in the stomach, who doubles up.*)

Tim. Ow, murther, murther! (*Backs into* LOOPSTITCH, *who tumbles over.* TIMOTHY *runs up and down stage howling.*)

Loop. Sacre! you have broke me all to pieces.

Hor. Order, order! How do you suppose I can paint with such confusion? You have spoiled everything.

Tim. Faith, it's not myself that's to blame.

Oak. Darn him! he's got a nest of hornets under his jacket!

Hor. We can do nothing to-day. It's now nearly six o'clock. An individual will be here at six to take possession of my room; he has hired it, and I must vacate.

Oak. What, hired the room over your head?

Hor. Yes; it's a little plot of my father's to get me home again. If he stays here, I must give up my painting; and of course you will be wanted no more as models.

Loop. Sacre! zat is too bad! ver mooch too bad!

Tim. Faith! must I lose my sitivation?

Pic. Yaw; we can't come here some more!

Hor. That's exactly the state of the case. Of course, as he's my father, it will not do for me to take any measures to cause him to leave. With you it is different. If you can manage to make him sick of his bargain to-night, we shall resume operations to-morrow, as usual.

Oak. Darn him, we'll pitch him out of the winder!

Hor. No, no; no violence!

Tim. No, b'ys; no voilence. We'll break his head intirely! That's all.

Hor. He's very particular to have everything about him quiet. I offer no suggestions. If you can manage to scare him a little, I've no objections.

Tim. Faith, lave us alone for that.

Oak. Come to my room, boys; we'll fix the old skinflint! Come along.

Tim. Yaw; flint ish goot ven I fight mit Sigel.

Oak. O, never mind Seagull. Come along.

Loop. Sacre! Vat you fix his flint with? I no comprehend.

Oak. I'll fix everything all right. Leave it to me. Come along. [*Exit*, R.

Tim. I'm wid yees. If there's to be a shindy, count me in. [*Exit*, R.

Loop. Monsieur, I be vat you call in ze dark ver much all over.

Pic. Yaw, it pe all covered mit de dark like de moonshine. [*Exit* LOOPSTITCH *and* PICKET, R.

Hor. What a set of stupid donkeys! If they manage to circumvent my respected parent, I'll forgive them. (*Exchanges jacket for coat, and puts on hat. Stage dark.*) How dark it is!

Clap. (*Outside*, R.) You're very prompt, sir.

Eben. (*Outside*, R.) I am always prompt. Is the room ready?

Clap. (*Outside*, R.) Yes, sir; walk this way.

Hor. There he is, right on time. There's sure to be a rumpus, and I'm bound to see the fun. [*Exit*, L.

Enter CLAPBOARD, *with a lighted candle, which he places on table, followed by* EBENEZER.

Eben. Now, sir, I've caught you at your tricks! Why, he's gone!

Clap. Why, you certainly didn't expect to find him here.

Eben. I certainly did. Where is he?

Clap. He's probably at Jobson's, over the way. But he'll be back soon. He'll be delighted to see you.

Eben. Clapboard, you lie! you know he won't.

Clap. Come, come, Mr. Crotchet, don't insult a man in his own room.

Eben. 'Tis false! it's my room; and you may take yourself out of it just as soon as you can!

Clap. You don't mean to stay here!

Eben. Yes, I do. I've had another note from my unknown correspondent. The object of his tender attachment visits him every evening, and I'm bound to see her.

Clap. O, pshaw, Mr. Crotchet! you've been humbugged!

Eben. I know it; but I'll be humbugged no longer; so here I'll stay to unmask the hypocrite!

Clap. Well, stay, then; but if you're made uncomfortable, don't blame me.

Eben. What do you mean?

Clap. No matter; I've cautioned you. Keep your eyes open, and don't blame me. Remember you have been cautioned. Good night. [*Exit*, R.

Eben. Clapboard, Clapboard — What does he mean? Can there be any danger? I'm an old fool! What business have I down in this unfrequented place, all alone? I'll go back. No, I won't! Horace would laugh and chuckle! He shan't do that! Who's afraid? I'll make myself comfortable on that lounge; and when he comes, he shall learn how terrible is the vengeance of an enraged and injured parent. (*Reclines upon lounge. Noise overhead; jumps up.*) What's that? It's that infernal soldier! Clapboard said he walks in his sleep. Suppose he should come here — with a loaded musket too! Gracious! (*Trombone heard outside.*) There's the tailor practising. What a confounded din!

Oak. (*Sings, outside, very loud.*) "My bark is on the sea."

Eben. There's that sailor going it!

Tim. (*Outside, sings.*) "Ould kittles to mind! Ould kittles to mind!"

Eben. And there's the tinker. (*Trombone,* "*ould kittles,*" *and* "*bark upon the sea,*" *all together.*) What a confounded din! I wish I was well out of it.

Enter PICKET, *with musket, slowly, on tiptoe.*

Pic. Who goes dare?

Eben. O, heavens! There's that insane old grenadier! What will become of me?

Pic. Sh—! By donder, I see some noise! Sh—! Who goes dare? Sh—! Somepody mit a gun. Advance pefore you speak, and say something. Sh—! (*Creeps about the room on tiptoe.*)

Eben. (*On lounge.*) If he discovers me, I am a lost man!

Pic. By donder, if dare ish nopody here, vy don't you speak? You vant your coat-tails shot through mit a pullet. (*Creeps back to door,* R.) I fight mit Sigel. Sh—! By donder! I never hear so mooch silence pefore! [*Exit,* R.

Eben. He's gone. I breathe again. O, Lord, what's that? (LOOPSTITCH *in the white robe passes slowly across stage, from* R. *to* L., *with his arm outstretched, hand pointing straight before him. Exit,* L.) An apparition! What infernal place have I got into? I'll go home at once. (*Goes to* R. *The door is locked.* LOOPSTITCH, *without the robe, creeps in,* L., *and gets behind lounge.*)

Loop. Sacre! I vill give him a touch of my needles!

Eben. What an old donkey I am, to get into such a

scrape! What shall I do? I can't get out. Suppose I alarm the neighborhood! That won't do; I should have the whole set upon me. I'll try to sleep. (*Lies upon lounge.* LOOPSTITCH *leans over and runs a needle into his arm.*) O, murder! What's that? Confound this infernal place! (LOOPSTITCH *sticks another needle.*) O, my arm, my arm! (*Jumps up.*) I can't stand this! Here! Help, help, help, help!

Enter OAKUM, R. *Creeps in very mysteriously; takes* EBENEZER *by the wrist, and leads him down to the front of the stage.*

Oak. Silence! Sh—!

Eben. O, take me out of this! I'm a poor old man.

Oak. Silence! Sh—! Listen to me. You received a note from somebody —

Eben. Yes, I did. Confound somebody!

Oak. Silence! Sh—! "Tender attachment!" It's all true, by jiminy!

Eben. I knew it.

Oak. Your son — has a tender attachment. The object of it is approaching. It will soon be here.

Eben. You don't say so!

Oak. Old man, you have a son; that son has a tender attachment; the object of that tender attachment — sh—! — will soon be here.

Eben. Confound you, you said that before!

Oak. Be wise, be cautious, and you shall triumph. Silence! It comes! the — object — comes! (*Creeps off,* R.)

Eben. Well, that's the queerest customer that ever I met. Hallo! who's this?

Enter TIMOTHY, *dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, with a veil thrown over his face.*

'Tis she, at last! Now to unmask the villain!

Tim. Idol of me sowl!

Eben. Irish, as I'm alive!

Tim. Och, yees illigent darlint! and did yees think yer own Kathleen, accushla, would deny yees the comfort of her prisence?

Eben. So, madam, you are found out! Know, to your sorrow, that you stand in the presence of the father of the unhappy young man you came to meet?

Tim. It's the ould man — is it? Faith, ould chap, how is yes, onyhow?

Eben. Insolent!

Tim. It's a foine-looking ould fellow yees are; and is that yer own hair, or is it a wig, I'd like to know.

Eben. Young woman, no more of this. I came to snatch my son from your society.

Tim. My society! Faix, yes might do better. It's a comfort I am to him anyhow. You would be afther parting us at all at all!

Eben. Hold your tongue, and leave the room!

Tim. Hould yees blarney yerself, or I'll — I'll pull the hair from your head!

Eben. Leave this room, instantly, or I'll put you out!

Tim. You put me out, is it? Begorra! the sooner yees commince that same, the better's to the liking of Tim Tinpan.

Eben. (*Taking hold of him.*) Leave the room, I say!

Tim. Off wid yees, or I'll break ivery bone in yees body!

Eben. You will — will you? (*Takes hold of him.*)

Tim. (*Throws off veil.*) Arrah, boys, here's a shindy! Come on, old gint! (*Flourishes his fist.*)

Eben. Here! Help, help, help! (TIMOTHY *clinches him.*) Leave the room!

Enter HORACE, L., OAKUM, CLAPBOARD, *and* PICKET, R. LOOPSTITCH *crawls from behind lounge.*

Hor. Why, father! what's the matter?

Eben. O, you villain! you scamp! you renegade! You have come just in time to save your father from a terrible fate! But I've found you out! Your "tender attachment" is known to me. Look upon her! Can you look upon your father's face, and confess a tender attachment to such a thing as that?

Hor. Not a tender attachment, father; but I will confess I am under great obligations to that individual, Timothy Tinpan, the tinker.

Eben. What! is that woman a man?

Tim. Troth, and a foine ould Irish gintleman!

Hor. Yes, father, he is one of my models.

Tim. Faith, a model Irishman, by yer lave!

Eben. Models! What do you mean?

Hor. That I have been endeavoring to overcome your repugnance to my becoming a painter, by attempting the execution of a painting which you see upon that easel. These individuals have been my models. Timothy Tinpan, the tinker.

Tim. That's me, sure.

Hor. Obed Oakum, the sailor.

Oak. Ay, ay; second mate of the Harriet Jones.

Hor. Louis Loopstitch, the tailor.

Loop. Oui, oui; sal I make you a pair of pantaloons, monsieur?

Hor. And Peter Picket, the soldier.

Pic. Yaw, dat ish me, mit my gun upon mine pack.

Eben. What, and the note I received —

Hor. Is one of Harry Jones's jokes. He confessed it to me an hour ago.

Eben. Clapboard, we've been making donkeys of ourselves!

Clap. Speak for yourself, Mr. Crotchet, I can't join you in that.

Eben. Horace, I'm a meddling old fool. I should have trusted you. I'll go home. You may go on with your picture; and if out of the material which I find here you can produce anything satisfactory, I'll give my consent to anything you ask.

Hor. Thank you, father. I'm rather discouraged at present; but if these individuals can cure you of "a tender attachment," they may be of use to me; and if they can help me to achieve my purpose, you will be obliged to admit that there are worse companions than a soldier —

Pic. Yaw, what fight mit Sigel.

Hor. A sailor —

Oak. Tarnal cute, when his bark's on the sea.

Hor. A tinker —

Tim. A broth of a boy for minding the broken nose of a tay-kittle.

Hor. And a tailor —

Loop. Oui, oui; vith vat you call ze tender attachment for ze needle.

Disposition of Characters at fall of the Curtain.

R. L.

LOOP. PICK.

TIM. OAK.

HOR. CLAP.

EBEN.

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